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## MR. FREDERIC LAMOND.

THE subject of our portrait for this month was born in Glasgow on January 28th, 1868. He commenced his musical education under the superintendence of his brother, Mr. David Lamond, and at the early age of eleven years he became organist at two churches in his native city. During this time he devoted his attention not only to harmony, the piano, and the organ, but also to the attainment of a practical familiarity with the violin, the oboe, and the clarinet. Such experience cannot but have proved of incalculable value in the composition of orchestral works, of which he has written several—notably, a Symphony and a Concert Overture; but it is chiefly as a pianist that he has achieved European distinction. At the age of fourteen he went to Germany, and in September, 1882, he entered Dr. Hoch's Conservatoire at Frankfurt. In the spring of 1883 he joined the newly-formed Raff Conservatoire in the same town, where he made the acquaintance of Herr Von Bülow, whose interest he aroused to a very unusual degree. Under Von Bülow's special direction he subsequently prosecuted his studies in Berlin and Meiningen, and it was at Von Bülow's wish that Liszt subsequently undertook the further development of the rising young pianist in 1885. Not only did Mr. Lamond enjoy the tuition of Liszt at Weimar, but he had the privilege of accompanying him to Rome, and he only left the Abbé's side when he (Liszt) made his last journey to London. After the death of Liszt Mr. Lamond once more took up his residence in Frankfurt, being absent from time to time on long concert tours in Russia, Austria, Holland, and England.

We learn that by some he is considered to resemble Rubinstein; not in face, certainly, as a glance at our portrait will show. Others are forcibly reminded by him of Tausig. We prefer to take the eminent Scotch violinist on his own very extraordinary merits, without instituting comparisons. He is an artistic soloist of whom his compatriots in particular,

and Britons in general, have a right to feel proud, and while his classical style is, in the nature of things, tinged with the traditions of the best German School, he displays an individuality and independence which entitle him to stand alone.

## CURRENT NOTES.

MISS GIULIA RAVOGLI, whose performance in Glück's *Orphée* will be fresh in most of our readers' minds, has been engaged to sing at the Chester Musical Festival. She is now studying under Miss Anna Williams.

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IN our last issue we remarked the fact (page 581) that Brahms's *Requiem* had been rehearsed no less than sixteen times before its presentation at Mr. Henschel's fourth Concert on February 4th. The performance of this very difficult work bore abundant evidence of the care bestowed upon it, especially in the choral department. The chorus showed a manifest and convincing *ensemble* that could only have been attained by the most careful practice; and pleasing as were the solos delivered by Miss Evangeline Florence (soprano), and Mr. George Holmes (baritone), the palm for finely modulated singing and correct intonation must be awarded to the choristers. They were especially successful in the fugue on a pedal bass, which concludes the third number: "But the righteous souls are in the hand of God."

\* \* \*

THIS German *Requiem* must always be peculiarly sympathetic to the Protestant English People. For the words have been selected from Luther's version of the Bible, and have little in common with the Roman Catholic *Requiem*, which is set to stereotyped sentences in the Latin tongue. It was first produced in this country at the house of Lady Thompson in 1871, and on April 2nd, 1873, it was heard at a Philharmonic Concert. Criticism is, thus, out of date, though to those whom we have not before addressed on the subject we cannot avoid saying that it is among the purest and most eminently religious works ever composed. The music of the early Italian writers for the Church sounds unduly pedantic to modern ears; Handel himself made portions of his operas do duty in oratorio; Rossini (in his *Stabat Mater*) and Gounod (*passim*) are accused in their sacred writings of a sensuousness which is rather operatic than religious. But Brahms is unassailable. And

even among musical critics there is no loon so crazy as to suggest that his *Requiem* is not informed with all the devotion of Bach, with all his erudition, and with a seer-like limpidity which will not easily be excelled.

\* \* \*

THIS lovely *Requiem*, which ranks with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the century, was listened to with rapt attention by an unusually large audience, and though it would not be difficult to draw attention to slight shortcomings, it is futile to detract from the triumph so unquestionably achieved by Mr. Henschel's Band and Chorus. In the first part of the programme Miss Fanny Davies executed the solo in Brahms's piano *Concerto* (in D minor, Op. 15) with conscientious but slightly hard effect, and the fascinating Prelude to Wagner's *Lohengrin* produced its usual electrical effect.

\* \* \*

REFERRING to the assertion (on page 580 of last month's LUTE) that an "interesting object lesson will be flanked by a life-like tableau vivant in wax," we have been kindly informed that a tableau vivant means a *living* picture, and that as wax is an *inanimate* substance it cannot be fashioned into a tableau vivant. This fact is insisted upon with varying degrees of politeness by several correspondents. They all have our prayers.

\* \* \*

THE Sunday evening concerts at the New Lyric Club continue to be very largely attended, and under the direction of Mr. Claud Nugent a brilliant function was held on February 7th, when Mr. Templer Saxe, whose voice is wonderfully strengthened and improved, Miss Gertrude Aylward, Mr. Leoni, and Miss Ebba Darcier sang with pronounced success. The two last-named supplied some very clever French Duets. Mr. Mercer Adams gave an irresistibly amusing sketch, in the course of which he mimicked to the life prominent actors and actresses, and Mr. Frank Lambert officiated ably at the piano. One song, however, rendered by what the Music Halls would probably call a "comedian," seemed to jar. Its refrain was "I aint a goin' to tell," and it was evidently intended to convey the idea that the singer knew so much to the disadvantage of his friend's wife that were he to be perfectly frank he would break his friend's heart. But while he reiterated "I aint a goin' to tell" his confidences to the audience effectually pricked the bubble of any arrogant reticence.

\* \* \*

THE music is not much worse than usual, and this sort of thing may be tolerated at the "Halls," though we hope at few. But it is out of place at a gentleman's club. For ourselves, until we heard this effusion, we had not fully grasped the meaning of the word vulgarity, in all its height and depth and length and breadth. We do not caution the Com-

mittee against a repetition of a similar offence, because while a certain licence is tacitly accorded to the writers of words to so-called "comic" songs, it is inconceivable that anything so awful could be again produced during the lifetime of the present generation.

\* \* \*

MR. LAMOND gave his fourth and final pianoforte recital for the present season at St. James's Hall on February 9th. If he did nothing else on that occasion (and he did much) he evoked one of the most amusing little articles ever penned by the humorist employed on the *Pall Mall Gazette* as musical critic. That screaming *farceur* said on February 10th, among other flowers of diction: "Mr. Lamond lacks, so far as we may gather from his present achievement, the ultimate poetry of music." (!) The same observer deplores, lower down on the page, that the pianist "contents himself with a solid rather than a fantastic success." (!) Fantastic success is good. We can only remember one pianist who achieved an incontrovertibly fantastic success in this country, and that was an American gentleman named Mr. Jerome Hopkins, author of *Taffee and Old Munch*, &c., &c. As a musical critic the *Pall Mall* man is himself not far removed from being a fantastic success.

\* \* \*

THERE is to be a Victorian Loan Exhibition at the Crystal Palace as well as at Earl's Court. The exhibition at Sydenham like that holden at Earl's Court will be opened in May, and those intending to display musical exhibits will have to decide between the rival institutions. Unquestionably the Crystal Palace ought to have the first call where music and musicians are concerned, and we rather regret that we are pledged (*vide* our February number), to provide the musical section of Earl's Court with its principal attraction. *Litera scripta manet*, and we cannot go back on our word. Still, between this and May we may be able to furnish something almost equally good for the Crystal Palace, and thus attenuate any natural disappointment that the directors might have felt on being at first neglected by the premier English musical paper.

\* \* \*

THE third concert of their fifteenth season was given on February 18th at the Queen's Hall by The Strolling Players Amateur Orchestral Society. Two entirely new works were produced, and Benjamin Godard's orchestral *Suite*, "*Scènes Poétiques*" (Op. 46) was given for the first time in London. The *Suite* is conceived in a pastoral vein, and each of the four numbers of which it consists is instinct with the delicacy and charm which characterise the work of this fascinating composer. No. 3, *Sur la Montagne*, is quite exquisite in its imaginative beauty. The two absolute novelties were "Three Japanese Dances" by



Mr. Albert Fox, who conducted his own piece, and a *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra by Mr. A. W. Ketèlbey, who himself manipulated the pianoforte. His contribution was brilliant in effect and highly promising. Mr. Albert Fox's "Japanese Dances" were not particularly Japanese, but they were excellently well scored, and the composer received several well merited recalls. The band played the orchestral selections in a thoroughly efficient and highly creditable manner. Great praise is due to the conductor, Mr. Norfolk Megone. Mrs. Helen Trust and Miss Florence Hoskins were the vocalists. The programme also included Schumann's first Symphony in B flat, which was admirably rendered.

\* \* \*

SINCE the National Eisteddfod at the Albert Hall in 1887, no important gathering of a similar kind had been held in London until February 25, when under the adjudication of Signor Randegger and Dr. Hubert Parry, a typical Eisteddfod was held at the Queen's Hall, too late for detailed notice in this month's LUTE. It formed a good opportunity for English people to become acquainted with a Welsh national custom that has been handed down from the time of the Druids. Several prominent choirs, both English and Welsh, competed, and the proceedings were of a highly interesting character. Unquestionably the Welsh would seem to have been the first people in Great Britain to develop the art of harmony in their singing. Writing in the 12th century, Giraldus Cambrensis says: "They sing *not in unison like the people of other nations, but in different parts.*"

\* \* \*

ONE partial novelty and two absolute novelties will be given during the forthcoming season of grand opera at Covent Garden. *Hero and Leander*, which was heard at Norwich as a *Cantata*, will be presented for the first time as an opera, and it is anticipated that Signor Mancinelli's work will only benefit by the change. The works entirely fresh to English ears are *Inez Mendo* by the Frenchman M. Erlanger,\* and a new German work, entitled, *Der Evangeliman*. In the last, Herr Vandick will appear as tenor.

\* \* \*

AMONG the vocalists engaged for the season the following will almost certainly appear:—Tenors: MM. Jean de Reszke, Alvarez, Vandick, Bonnard. Baritones: MM. Ancona, Gillibert, Bispham. Basses: MM. Edouard de Reszke, Plançon. Sopranos: Mesdames Eames, Nordica. It is probable that Signor Tamagno and Mme. Melba will also be heard. Signor Mancinelli, M. Flon, and Herr Seidl will be the conductors.

\* \* \*

M. BRUNEAU, the talented French composer, whose *Le Rêve*, based on Zola's novel of that name, marked an epoch in the development of

European music, has just produced in Paris another opera founded on the same novelist's *Messidor*. It is to be hoped that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing it in London. Anything whatsoever that the writer of *L'Attaque du Moulin* may turn out cannot but prove interesting in the highest degree.

\* \* \*

*La Poupée*, a comic operetta adapted into English by Mr. Arthur Sturges, is a pronounced success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The music of M. Audran is light but fascinating, and the cast is admirable. Nothing could be droller than that fine comedian Mr. Willie Edouin as Hilarius the doll-maker, and there is hardly a baritone on the English stage who excels Mr. Norman Salmond, the manly exponent of Father Maxime. Mr. Courtice Pounds as the hero sings with nice taste and feeling as usual, and Mr. Charles Wibrow and Miss Kate Mills act capital as the rich uncle Chanterelle and Mme. Hilarius, respectively. The plot of this dear little piece has been detailed by the daily press, so need not be here repeated. Suffice it to say that the Lancelot, the hero of this "impossible story," marries a girl under the idea that she is a mechanical doll and is only too delighted, as is everyone else, to find that she is flesh and blood and not wood. Words can scarcely convey a notion of the pretty manner in which Mlle. Alice Favier (the doll) fulfils her part. This charming young lady is most refreshing both in singing and acting. She nightly receives a perfect hurricane of applause, and every scene of this compact and clever musical play is cheered to the echo. It is of course a vast contrast to the piece now running at the Savoy, being of a thoroughly light albeit musicianly character. It is also widely removed from things of the "Gaiety Girl" or "Geisha" class. There is an atmosphere of refinement and neatness about *La Poupée* which is infinitely pleasing, and we do not hesitate to predict for it a protracted run. The music is always just sufficient for its purpose, and occasionally it is very ingenious. The operetta is a complete change from what we have recently been treated to. While the entire cast deserves great credit, Mlle. Favier is unquestionably the chief attraction, her dainty manner and pleasant voice being quite a revelation. The chorus sings beautifully, and the lady choristers appeared to us to be unusually attractive. Two pages wore very picturesque costumes.

#### "HIS MAJESTY."

ALL musicians were looking forward with the greatest interest to the new Savoy opera, for which, while the practised hand of Mr. F. C. Burnand was mainly responsible for the words, it was understood that the President of the R.A.M. was to furnish the music. The result of the first two public performances

\* See page 474 in January number of LUTE, 1896.



proved slightly disappointing to those who had imagined that the composer of *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, of the "Britannia" overture, and of numerous other works of which Britons may well feel proud, had only to *decipere in loco* in order to prove to the world that the "light touch," and the faculty of being gay and airy while at the same time sound and conscientious, were easily within his grasp, did he care to condescend to them. To tell the exact truth, the *beau idéal* of a Savoy comic opera has not been hit off, either by the librettists or by the composer. The latter does not always seem to realise the importance of crispness and succinctness. With the praiseworthy design of purely musical symmetry constantly before his eyes, he occasionally allows his numbers to become unduly spun out. He lacks a proper regard to the progress of the action, which—while in grand opera it may be intermitted to any extent—cannot be advantageously interrupted in comic opera for more than a certain time. The tendency to repeat the words of the lyrics, already most voluminous, struck us on a first hearing as more than a little unfortunate. The libretto was to start with, much too long, but in repeating the lines Sir A. Mackenzie makes it longer still. This is the more to be deplored since there was generally plenty of fresh matter in the same metre to which he might have addressed himself, and as it is, large portions of the lyrics are to be, or have been, sliced out. Perhaps it is true that perfect lyrics for musical treatment can only be produced by a practical musician, and certainly the following lines, which are very ingenious and witty to read, are almost impossible to set to any but a most banal air, and quite impossible to sing effectively in quick time:—

I shall wear velvet and satin that speckless is,  
Diamonds and pearls in a fashion that reckless is,  
Then I shall marry an artist who chequered is,  
Making him rich as the style of my dress.  
Promptly disguised, like a duck who has dyed her down,  
I shall live softly in velvet and eider-down,  
Do what I want to, and keep every chider down.  
That's what it means to become a Princess.

For ourselves we hate the unnecessary word "to" in the seventh line of the above quotation. It may be observed that the lyrics are couched throughout the *libretto* in lines usually too long for the happiest musical treatment. Also that the rhymes are occasionally so remote as to be almost inoperative when sung. For instance:

In the forest, in the forest, ah! how joyful are the days,  
For the sun itself is brighter and the leaves are greener there,  
And the lark goes rippling higher with his morning song of praise;  
Yet he warns amid his warbling, "Oh, beware, my love, beware!"

Here the lines are so long that, when set to music in slow time, they hardly produce the impression of rhyme at all. Those adopting (for musical purposes) so portentous a metre

would be well advised to make the first line rhyme with the second, and not the third. But without pausing to inquire why the sun should be brighter in a forest than elsewhere—which is contrary to ordinary experience—or how a lark may "ripple," we conclude the odious duty of finding fault, and revel in the more congenial atmosphere of praise.

The overture to *His Majesty* is perfectly beautiful. The opening trio and chorus is, as regards music, superb. Mr. Grossmith's song: "I was born upon a Sunday," suffers slightly from the fact that it was not made a more Sullivanesque "patter" song. The music is almost too difficult for a comedian who has to act and sing at the same time, and the lines are so hard to learn, and so long, that any great success with this number seems out of the question. Still, Mr. Grossmith, the clever words, and Sir A. Mackenzie's music, pulled it out of the fire. The quartet, "Who goes home?" is one of the best things recently contributed to comic opera, and the chorus of ladies, "The Mistress we adore," is simply delicious. Mr. Kenningham's song: "Fair Chloris," is one of the inspirations of the opera. Here the composer is at his best, and gives us a lovely melody in thorough keeping with the pretty spirit of the words. The composer has written a very scathing burlesque on the music-hall "Alabama Coon" class of ditty, and he is fortunate in his interpreter Mr. Passmore, who makes inimitable fun out of Mr. Adrian Ross's amusing words. The *finale* of the first act is grand, as might have been expected from Sir A. Mackenzie, and though there is more repetition of the words than would have suited the lamented Wagner, the number is absolutely above criticism. In the second act the "Polyglot" trio impressed us more than anything else. The masterly reproduction of more than a passing hint of the Bayreuth master, of the old Italian School, of Chaminade, and of the *Café Chantant* must rank as a piece of scholarly burlesque that has not hitherto been attempted in the same degree. We have referred to the principal, though by no means all, the numbers which pleased us most—stay! The funereal duet between Messrs. Passmore and Fred. Billington, "Where is my keep," is one of the best things in the opera, a masterpiece of humour. Everything was excellent as music, but the exigencies of space precludes further detail. The "comic relief" supplied by Mr. Passmore is alone sufficient to attract all London, and the fine singing of the soloists and the chorus, and the sympathetic performance of the band, under Mr. François Cellier, constitute a refreshing treat to the jaded toiler. By the time these lines are in print important alterations and repairs will have been made, and *His Majesty* will furnish one of the chief theatrical attractions during the year which commemorates Her Majesty's longest reign.

PERCY REEVE.

## MORALS FOR MUSICIANS.

## NO. I.—FAIR TRADE.

AN English director of comic opera who had purchased and unsuccessfully produced fifteen consecutive Continental failures, bethought himself at length that it was time to give home industry a chance. Under this generous impulse he bought and played a work by an Englishman, which turned out a complete "frost." When the director represented the non-success of the opera to the composer thereof, the musician replied:

"Yes; and I have fourteen more at home just as good."

This fable shows that the English composer was a sarcastic fellow.

## THE LUTE PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE adjudicators experienced considerable difficulty in making the awards in the above competition, owing to the fact that very many of the works submitted were of about equal merit. Nevertheless it was felt on the whole that the Best Easter Anthem was that sent in by

Mr. A. W. MARCHANT, Mus. Bac. Oxon.,  
29, Castle Street,  
Dumfries,

and to him the First Prize has been adjudged.

The Second Prize is awarded to

Mr. H. ELLIOTT BUTTON,  
13, Stratford Road,  
Kensington.

Mr. Marchant's anthem appears in the current issue, and Mr. Button's will appear in the April number of THE LUTE.

## DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &amp;c.

\*.\* Correspondents are implored to write distinctly, especially proper names, and on one side of the paper only.

AT HARROGATE, on February 4th, and at Darlington, on February 5th, the Messrs. Dittmar gave their second chamber concerts, as announced in our January number. The weather was most unfavourable on both occasions, but the excellent quality of the music was compensation enough to those faithful ones who braved the elements. The programmes, both at Harrogate and Darlington, were almost identical, the exception being that, whereas Herr Jean Dittmar played at the first named place, (a) *Si oiseau j'étais*, Henselt, (b) *La Fileuse*, Raff, (c) *Staccato*, a study, Rubinstein, as his piano solo, he substituted at Darlington Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. Herr Heinrich Dittmar shone as solo violinist in

Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo*, a pleasing *Berceuse*, by his brother, Herr E. Dittmar, and the *Fantaisie Caprice* of Vieuxtemps. Mr. G. S. Drake gave a fine reading of Mr. V. Herbert's "Serenade and Tarantelle" for violoncello, and the three soloists above mentioned combined in selections from Mendelssohn's piano-forte trio in D minor. The vocalist was Miss Edna Thornton, a contralto from Bradford, who displays admirable style and a grand voice. Her songs were *Che favo*, from Gluck's *Orpheo*, "The Enchantress" (Hatton), "Shepherd's Cradle Song" (A. Somervell), and Chaminade's "Silver Ring." At Darlington the latter was misprinted on the programme as "Silver King," a mistake which was copied into *The Northern Echo* of February 6th. A word of cordial approbation is due to the accompanist, Mr. J. J. Robinson.

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LUTON. — On the 10th of February, the choir and band (numbering 130) in connection with the Chapel Street Church, gave a very fine rendering of Barnby's *Rebekah*, as well as a selection from *The Messiah*. A large and representative audience thoroughly appreciated this exceptional performance.

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PECKHAM. — Mr. Valentine Hemery's choir was engaged by the promoters of the Lambeth Baths Winter Meetings on Saturday, January 30th, to give a performance of Michael Watson's comic cantata, *Aladdin*, which was so successfully produced at Peckham last season. The audience was in strong force, 1,200 having paid admission. The brilliant choral "Wedding March" was so enthusiastically received that a repetition could not be withheld. The solos were entrusted to Mesdames Petfield (soprano), and Valentine Hemery (contralto), Messrs. T. H. Brooks (tenor), and Stapeldon Hiley (bass), all of whom were well received. Madame Valentine Hemery gained a well-deserved encore for her artistic rendering of "Here, my good man," as did Mrs. Petfield and Mr. T. H. Brooks for the charming duet, "All our trouble now is o'er." The cantata was followed by a miscellaneous programme. Miss Florence Barnes gave "Beauty Sleep" artistically, showing that her training was in careful hands. Mr. Edwin Crofton (tenor) sang "A Golden Memory" (V. Hemery) with much effect. The Misses Eyre's contribution, a trio for mandolines, was also much appreciated. The orchestra gave a spirited performance of a new work by Valentine Hemery, effectively scored for piano and orchestra, entitled "The Queen's Record" (triumphal march). This is exceedingly tuneful, and will, doubtless, enhance Mr. Hemery's name as a composer. Miss Marie Cholmondeley accompanied with her usual ability. Mr. Cowen's *Rose Maiden* will be performed in April. Rehearsals are held at Clayton College, High Street, Peckham.

Applicants for admission to the Choral Society should communicate with Mr. V. Hemery at 12, Hanover Street, Rye Lane: or they may attend there personally any Monday evening between 8 and 9.

\* \* \*

**BELFAST AND DISTRICT.—Philharmonic Society.**—The first part of the programme on the "Miscellaneous Evening" was entirely devoted to Schubert, in commemoration of his birth. Very considerable interest was manifested in Miss Greeny's appearance—her first at the Philharmonic—and our former anticipations were abundantly realised. She selected "The Wanderer," and interpreted this gem most sympathetically. Her second effort was the recit. and aria from *Nadeshda* (Goring Thomas), in which the extensive compass of her voice was well displayed. A violin obligato was supplied by Mr. T. J. Lindsay. We think an orchestral accompaniment might have been given to this item, but unless it had been much better rendered than was that to "Ave Maria," perhaps it was just as well left alone. Miss Maud MacCarthy, a violinist of tender years, created a favourable impression, and no doubt will be heard of in the near future. The other artists were, Miss Regina de Sales, Miss Augusta Fabel (pianoforte), Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. W. Peterkin. We have heard Mr. Jones in better voice, and the same remark might be applied to Mr. Peterkin. Miss Fabel played carefully, and seemed to have a fair amount of execution. The accompaniments were in the capable hands of Herr Louis Werner, and Dr. Koeller wielded the *bâton* with his usual discretion.

**Saturday Popular Concerts.**—In connection with this series we had a visit from the deservedly popular contralto Madame Belle Cole, who received a very warm welcome from the large audience assembled to hear her once more. The items opposite her name were, "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan), "Love Beyond Recall" (Hardep), and "Life's Lullaby" (Lane). "The Lost Chord" has been sung so much and played upon such a variety of instruments that one is sometimes tempted to wish it were "lost" for ever, but when Madame Belle Cole sings it one wants to hear it again. Needless to say, she was re-called and very good-naturedly responded. Her singing of "The Silver Ring" (Chaminade) was a most artistic effort. She also took part in the trio, "Memory" (Leslie), with Madame and Mr. Louis Mantell. Madame Mantell was very successful in "Going to Market" (Diehl), and sang with Mr. Mantell "The Swing Duet" (Slaughter). Mr. Jack Spence sang in good style "Vulcan's Song" from Gounod's *Philemon et Baucis*, and "Quaff with Me the Purple Wine" (Carmichael). In response to a recall for the latter he substituted, "The Admiral's Broom." Mr. L. Mantell seemed to be suffering from a

cold but, nevertheless, was listened to with pleasure, more especially in "Tis I" (Pinsuti). Mr. T. J. Lindsay played two violin solos, and Miss Annie Scott was pianist. Her selections were (a) "Etude" (Chopin), (b) "Etude arioso" (Godard), and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, but why she omitted the "Adagio" of the latter we fail to understand. Mr. Allan F. Parker played a couple of organ solos, and acted as accompanist, assisted by Mr. J. H. Vincent, Mus. Bac., and Mr. L. Mantell, junr.

**Assembly Hall.**—An excellent evening concert was arranged by the Rugby Road Tennis Club, at which the following took part:—Miss Edgar (soprano), Miss Daisy Greeny (contralto), Mr. Thomas (tenor), and Mr. Wm. Imrie (bass); Mr. J. Dickson (flute), and Miss Elsie Kelly (violin); accompanist, Mr. F. J. Moffett.

**Malone Presbyterian Church.**—A most enjoyable programme was provided at a meeting arranged by Mr. J. Fisher in Windsor Lecture Hall (kindly lent for the occasion) and was sustained by Miss McKee (soprano), Miss McKisack (contralto), Mr. W. Turner (tenor), Mr. W. J. Lambert (basso); Miss Stelfox (violin), and a ladies' band consisting of mandolines, guitars, etc.; accompanists, Mr. J. H. Vincent, Mus. Bac., and F. J. Moffett.

**Downpatrick Orchestral Society.**—This flourishing society held a very successful performance in the Assembly Hall. The following were responsible for the admirably arranged programme: Miss Isa Moore, Miss Daisy Greeny, Mr. Edwin Rennie, Mr. Dilworth Buxton, and Mr. James Leathem (solo cornet). The orchestral selections were very tastefully performed under the skilful leadership of Mr. J. Leathem. The accompaniments were entrusted to Mrs. L. A. Pooler, and Mrs. A. J. H. Coulter.

**Christ Church, Lisburn.**—We understand that a new organ will shortly be erected, and that the order has been placed with Mr. George Benson, Manchester. Mr. W. J. Stitt (Belfast) is organist.

**Antrim.**—An excellent evening concert was arranged by Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard, who is a musician of much ability, both vocal and instrumental. She appeared in a trio for harp, cello and piano with Miss Davis and Miss Brett, "Ave Maria" (Bach-Gounod), also in a duet for cello and piano, with Miss Brett, "Czardas" (Fischer), and in a glee with Hon. Norah Skeffington Mrs., Scott, Rev. F. Hogan, and Mr. E. Rennie. These items received most artistic rendering. "Honour bids me speed away" (Cellier) and the ever popular "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" (Knight), found a sympathetic interpreter in Mr. Merrin, who is the possessor of a powerful baritone voice. The name of Mrs. MacNaughton opposite an item is a guarantee that it will be well worth hearing, and, as always, she gave most finished performances of her songs, "A Summer Night"



(Goring Thomas) and "Saved from the storm" (Barri). The Hon. Norah Skeffington selected as her contributions "An old Garden" (Hope Temple) and "Happy Days" (Strelezki), and displayed a sweet well-trained voice which we hope to hear again. To the latter song a 'cello and harp obligato was tastefully supplied by Miss Brett and Miss Davis. Miss Davis is a harpist of more than local fame, and gave a fine selection of Irish airs. Mr. Edwin Rennie was heard with much pleasure in "Mary of Argyle" (Nelson) and "Adieu Marie" (Adams). While far from disparaging Mr. Rennie's singing of either of these songs, we think he might have chosen something more worthy of his talent than "Mary of Argyle." Rev. F. W. Hogan sang with expression "Les Rameaux" (Faure), and the programme was completed by two glees from a choir trained by Miss Cashel, who also very efficiently supplied the pianoforte accompaniments.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM EDWIN ASHDOWN (LIMITED).—It is as pleasant as rare on opening a parcel of new music to find that it contains nothing of which anybody need feel ashamed. And this is precisely what I feel on examining the works just submitted to us by Mr. Ashdown. "Beanstalk Suite" for piano, dedicated by Mr. Arthur Somervell "to all my pupils not yet in their teens," is one of the finest things of the kind I have ever encountered. Carefully fingered and beautifully written for the instrument, this *Suite*, which comprises six numbers, is, above all, informed by masterly musicianship. Any child not yet in its teens, who can play this delightful work fluently, will give pleasure to mature musicians; indeed, children of larger growth might study it with advantage and derive a healthy attitude of mind. Now-a-days, every girl who imagines she is musical proceeds to compose what she is pleased to call music. This may be "soulful," but it is ordinarily very disagreeable. Women's music, like their novels, seems to be produced in sublime indifference to the fact that what they offer in a more or less distorted form has been very efficiently done by competent people long ago. Those young people who propose to write music are hereby invited to peruse Mr. Somervell's "Beanstalk Suite," and if that appears "too simple" let them take a leaf from the same composer's "Hornpipe." This, though more difficult to play as it should be played, is a perfect gem of sound and intentionally simple knowledge. The majority of modern songs written by young ladies and others are merely ignorant vapourings. "Requiescat," to words by Matthew Arnold, by Alice M. Blake is refreshingly free from offence. The composer has caught the spirit of the words in an impressive manner. "A

Heavenly Flower," song by Hubert G. Oke, is somewhat too flamboyant, but it would be effective if well sung, provided the accompaniment were administered with tact. "Two Sketches" for piano, by Franz Oberlin, entitled respectively "Dreaming" and "Awaking," are cleverly written and pretty. "Awaking" is a kind of *gavotte*, but both numbers have much musicianly charm. "Siciliano," for violin and piano, by Anton Strelezki, is a suave melody that will prove an excellent lesson for the young violinist who is apt to disregard strict time. "Coralita," a graceful dance, is *naïf* and melodious. The composer, Miss (or Mrs.) Agnes S. Buck opens with a good tune. "Notturmo," in C minor, by Mr. Edward E. Harper, is rather of the "vapouring" order. Were there no "Edward" before the Harper, I should have ascribed it to a woman. But it is not bad. "The Torn Flag," by Mary Augusta Salmond, is a robust song of the martial kind, with which no especial fault is to be found. "Songs for Children" is an album of 43 little ditties suitable for children's voices. They are mostly very short and sometimes rather sweet. Before each is prefixed the legend "music by J. W. Elliott" which it might be unnecessary to insist upon 43 times. For myself I have never met the children who revel in this class of orgy, those sufficiently musical to appreciate it being in a very small minority. The music, too, is generally either quite silly or else far over the heads of children and their mammas. If a compromise could be struck, it has been struck by Mr. J. W. Elliott. His little book is full of good things, and the "Christmas Carol" is so perfectly charming that I play it over at least once a day.

FROM NOVELLO, EWER & CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.—Mr. Maurice F. Bell, to whose "Oxford River Songs" we recently made appreciative reference, publishes with the above firm, "Ordo Sacrae Communionis: the Divine Liturgy of the English Church in the Key of G." Price 6d. This Communion Service comprises seven numbers, commencing with the responses to the Commandments (*Kyrie*) and ending with the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Important and admirable is the *Credo*; it contains some very effective writing, but the voice parts are quite simple. The *Kyrie* is distinguished by considerable ingenuity of treatment, and the entire work is very ably and soundly harmonised. P.R.

#### STRAY NOTES.

THE longest reign on record is celebrated this year, and what is to be the epoch-making manner of its celebration? The magnitude of the scheme almost takes one's breath away. The British Public is to be allowed to contribute what it likes to the better endowment of the London Hospitals! It is true that the

British Public has not hitherto been forbidden to subscribe to these charitable objects, and, indeed, it has always been invited and besought to do so. Yet on this unique and memorable occasion, no better outlet for the nation's gratitude and satisfaction is to be found than in still another of these never-ending subscription lists!

\* \* \*

THE other day funds were being appealed for on behalf of a successful cricketer, and to-day, I believe, one may subscribe to the Armenian Atrocities and the Indian Famine. If there were an earthquake in Japan, or China, or Jericho to-morrow, there would be a fresh whip-round. And people have every right to give if they feel so disposed. But I think that the most worthy method of celebrating Her Majesty's long and prosperous reign is not to be found in another subscription list.

\* \* \*

AFTER all, the gracious Lady whom we all revere must herself share some of our gratitude and satisfaction that she has been spared to reign over subjects who have been consistently loyal during a lengthy period, which has been rife with social upheavals in almost every other country. Her Majesty has a splendid opportunity of performing an act which would set the hearts of the teeming millions of her loyal subjects in both hemispheres bounding with enthusiasm towards herself personally, and The Throne as an institution. It is a question of "freeing the Hospitals." It is notorious that the Queen has vast private property—so vast that guesses as to its extent would be rather under than over the mark. It is not suggested that she should appreciably impoverish herself or her family. But it is suggested that, by devoting a million pounds from her many million pounds to the object which she professedly has at heart, she would create such a blaze of patriotic fervour as was never witnessed in this or any time.

\* \* \*

THINK of the effect on the gloomy East-enders! Try to imagine the rapture with which such news would be hailed by the subjects of the "Great White Queen" all over Asia, Africa, America and Australia! Fancy, too, the supefaction of European Courts, of the enormously wealthy Royal Family of Russia in particular! The idea of a monarch giving private property—no matter how derived—for her own people's benefit! Surely such a notion never before knocked at the door of any ruler in the world! The Sovereign whom we all hold in the most respectful and affectionate regard has a great opportunity and an enormous responsibility. It is doubtful whether a public subscription—which is liable to be checked to-morrow, supposing there happens to be a flood in Van Dieman's Land, or an eruption of Stromboli—will entirely suffice to free the

existing London Hospitals for ever. But the Queen, by putting down a million or two, can go far towards realising the object aimed at. Will she? Or will she allow some inadequate sum to be peddled in by Jewish Bankers, Company Promoters, and persons in pursuit of an advertisement, supplemented by the good-natured ones, who give according to their means and sometimes out of proportion to them?

\* \* \*

IN other words, will the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India, take her stand among the enormous majority of wealthy people, who, after having largely profited by sixty years of peaceful government, will give either nothing at all or else a sum ridiculously disproportionate to their income?

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y.M.C.A.—Precisely; it is no use your buying publications which are never read. Take a few more copies of *THE LUTE*, since you say it is always "in hand," and knock off *The Nineteenth Century*.

UNDERGRADUATE.—Yes, we did know your father, but we did not like him much. Certainly not enough to put his son on our free list.

GREYBEARD.—You are quite correct. Mme. Patti still sings, and Mme. Norman Néruda (she is now Lady Hallé) still plays. They are, however, not likely to penetrate so far north as Wick, N.B.

MELODY.—The song you allude to was written by Mr. J. P. Knight, who was in Holy Orders. It was called "She Wore a Wreath of Roses." Mr. Knight derived £20 in all from this song. He lived the latter part of his life at Weston-super-Mare, and he himself at that place told the present writer the actual amount he received.

ORGAN GRINDER.—The matter appears to be full of difficulty. Some magistrates say that you must not play if requested to move on. Others maintain that objectors to your strains must furnish a good and sufficient reason for such objections. As a foreigner you will be in a grand position to appreciate the sufficiency, if any, of objections. And even if ordered by the police from a given street you can generally approach at the back any house whose occupants you may wish to serenade.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

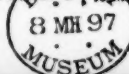
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"LUTE." No 171.

Inscribed to the *Also published separately. PRICE 3d*  
REV<sup>d</sup> A. CHAPMAN, M.A., AND THE CHOIR OF ST MARY'S CHURCH, DUMFRIES, N.B.  
**FIRST PRIZE ANTHEM.**

# "SING PRAISES UNTO THE LORD"

Anthem for Easter.

Ps. XXX. 4. Song of Solomon. II. II. 12.  
Cor. XV. 20. Isaiah. XXVI. 19  
AND PART OF A HYMN

**A.W. MARCHANT.**

(MUS. B. OXON., F.R.CO.)

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, G<sup>t</sup> MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

*Allegro con spirito.*

Gr 8 feet coup: to Sw. reeds.


ORGAN.



*f Marcato.*  
Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing,  
*f Marcato.*  
Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing,  
*f Marcato.*  
Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing,  
*f Marcato.*  
Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing,  
Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing,  
open Sw. box.



mf  
sing, sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Give thanks un - to  
mf Give thanks un - to Him, give  
mf Give thanks un - to Him, give thanks give  
mf Give thanks un - to



*cres* - - *poco* - - *a* - - *poco*

Him, give thanks un - to Him, give thanks un - to Him, give thanks un - to  
 thanks un - to Him, *cres* give thanks un - to Him, *poco* give thanks un - to Him, to  
 thanks un - to Him, give thanks un - to Him, give thanks un - to Him, to  
 Him, give thanks un - to Him,

***ff***

Him, for a re - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! for a re -  
 Him, for a re - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! for a re -  
 Him, for a re - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! for a re -  
 for a re - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! for a re -

*poco dim.*

- mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! Sing, sing, sing  
*poco dim.* - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! Sing, sing, sing  
*poco dim.* - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! Sing, sing, sing  
*poco dim.* - mem - brance of His Ho - li - ness! Sing, sing, sing

prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing, sing, sing prai - ses un - to the

Lord, Sing prai - ses, sing prai - ses,  
Lord, Sing prai - ses, sing prai - ses,  
Lord, O all ye His saints, O all ye His saints, O  
Lord, O all ye His saints, O all ye His saints, O

Sing prai - ses, sing prai - ses, for e - ver - more.  
Sing prai - ses, sing prai - ses, for e - ver - more.  
all ye His saints, sing prai - ses, for e - ver - more.  
all ye His saints, sing prai - ses, for e - ver - more.



Andante con moto.

SOPRANO (or Soprano Solo)

Sw. Oboe & 4 feet flute

*mf* For lo! the

*mp*

win-ter is past, the rain is o-ver and gone,

For lo! the win-ter, the win-ter is past, the rain is

*mp* o-ver and gone. The flow-ers ap-pear on the earth, The

*p*

*mf* flow-ers ap-pear on the earth, And the time of the singing of birds is

*mp*

Solo)

he

is

The

birds is

come, and the time of the sing-ing of birds is come, the sing-ing of

birds is come, is come

*poco rall.* *p* *morendo.*

*poco rall.* *p* *dim. e rall.*

Andante, quasi Recit: e declamando.

\* TENORS &amp; BASSES.

For now is Christ risen from the dead and be come the first fruits of

Andante, e sempre sostenuto.

G!  
Diap: *mf**molto rall. e dim. lunga.*

Allegro maestoso.

them that slept

A - wake and sing, A - wake and sing,

Allegro maestoso.

ye that dwell in dust,

for the dew is as the dew of herbs, and the

## LUTE 171

*molto rit.* *lunga.*

earth, — the earth, — shall cast — out the dead.

*molto rit.* *lunga.*

## CHORALE.

Con moto.

Con moto. *f* Now

Con moto. *f* Now

Con moto. *f* Now

Con moto. *f* Now

Con moto. *f* Now

Con moto. *f* Now

6! 8 feet coup: to Sw. reeds

*mf* *cres.* *f*

let the heavens be joy - ful, And earth her song be - gin, The

let the heavens be joy - ful, And earth her song be - gin, The

let the heavens be joy - ful, And earth her song be - gin, The

let the heavens be joy - ful, And earth her song be - gin, The



round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let

round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let

round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let

round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let

*cres.* *ff*  
all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend. For

*cres.* *ff*  
all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend. For

*cres.* *ff*  
all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend. For

*cres.* *ff*  
all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend. For

*rall.*  
Christ the Lord is ris - en, our joy that hath no end.

*rall.*  
Christ the Lord is — ris - en, our joy that hath no end.

*rall.*  
Christ the Lord is ris - en, our joy that hath no end.

*rall.*  
Christ the Lord is ris - en, our joy that hath no end.

*rall.*

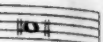
*Slower.*  
*fff* Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

*Slower.*  
*fff* Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

*Slower.*  
*fff* Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

*Slower.*  
*fff* Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

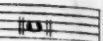
*fff Slower.*



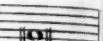
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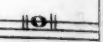
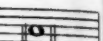
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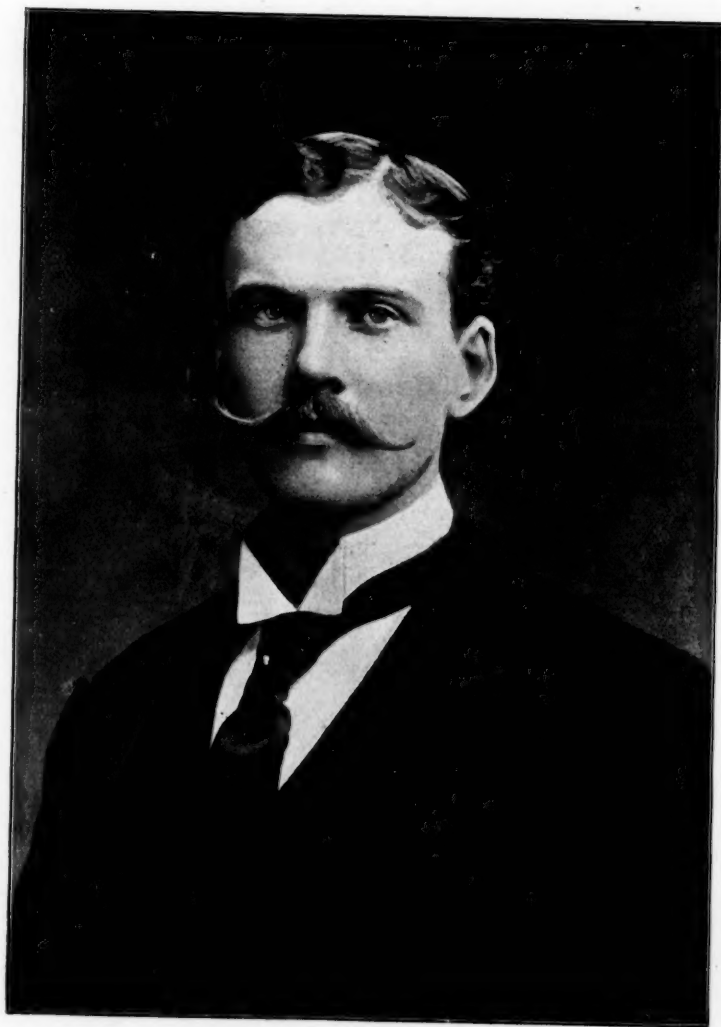
en.



en.







MR. PLUNKET GREENE.